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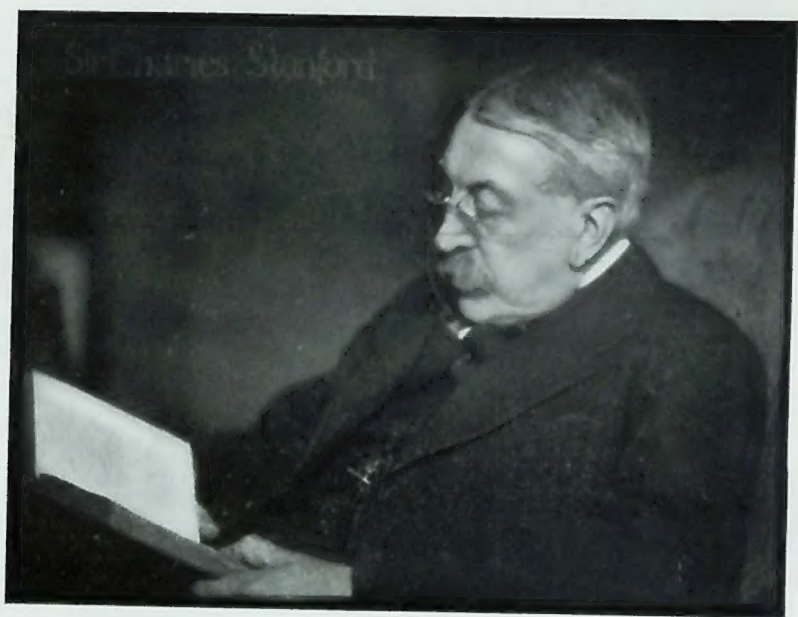
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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R·C·M· UNION..*

"The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life."



SIR CHARLES STANFORD

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Editorial.

Since those melancholy days in March when we lost, in rapid succession, Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt and Sir Charles Stanford, much has been written upon the subject of their work, their characters and their influence. These have been discussed at great length, and from many points of view, and it may be taken for granted that almost everyone interested in these eminent men must by now have arrived at some sort of estimate of their importance in the history of musical development in this country.

It is in the nature of things inevitable that what is written here must differ from most of the articles upon the same subjects that have appeared elsewhere. Nowhere in these pages will there be found any attempt to mark the extent or define the limits of the influence these famous men exercised in their day. Obviously this MAGAZINE does not seek to give admission to anything resembling clear-cut judgments in respect of men who stood in such direct and intimate relationship to the Royal College of Music. Our attitude towards the men themselves is largely that of Collegians towards Collegians—intimate, and anything but dispassionate. The special relationship in which we have stood towards them everywhere finds reflection in the articles appearing in this number. These are mostly tributes paid by those whose privilege it was to come into direct contact with the men themselves. In nearly every case it is the tribute of pupil to master. In the one definite exception to this general rule we shall be extremely interested, for it gives us the greatest satisfaction to have Sir Alexander Mackenzie's contribution to these pages.

To fitly commemorate, in one and the same issue, three of the very greatest names associated with the life of the College is a problem we have not the means to solve in the fullest sense. It is a responsibility which, mercifully, never rested so heavily upon us before, and in all probability it never will do so again. The meagre space at our disposal could be filled many times over in discussion of the three late musicians. We have, therefore, had to leave out much we would have liked to include.

But in spite of difficulties and restrictions there are assembled here, through the ready and helpful response of distinguished contributors, a number of moving tributes. These will, in their several ways, go far towards expressing feelings that are in most of us these days. Over and above this, these tributes have in them qualities which should make them permanently interesting as records of the affection and admiration felt by the rank and file of an Institution towards men who befriended it with the gift of long and devoted service.

Director's Address.

(5TH MAY, 1924.)

We cannot allow the opening of this new Term to pass without making something more than a reference to the overwhelming losses which the College sustained at the end of last Term by the deaths of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt, and Sir Charles Stanford—three names to conjure with in the past century, three men who did magnificent service for their art and generation, and, chiefly in this house, three great-hearted musicians who, from the first day of the College's existence in 1883, until the day of their death, in March last, were three of the chief advisors of the destinies of the College. At such a time certain reflections come to the mind, good to be indulged in. Stability that seemed immutable has broken, and a great chapter in our history closes. When a long connection of so honourable a kind is severed we begin to wonder how it could have lasted so long ; how men whose reputations were already established over forty years ago could have been willing, and were able, to give ungrudging service to the College, and enable you young people to enjoy your inheritance, the result of their labours.

When men of great repute and generous service live long it is well to traverse the road they marked out, to see what we can learn from them and their doings. We want to know what things were like when they were young—how they began, what they did with their opportunities, and how they got over their difficulties. They leave something for us—we may make good use of it, or bad. They have added something which makes a difference to us. But a difficulty arises unless we are careful, for we may have only known them at the end of their lives, and without meaning to judge them we may be tempted to do so when their powers are waning. It is a difficulty which attaches to all questions dealing with age and youth. The old are experienced, the young are not ; and the young are in danger of misjudging the old. The young, by reason of being young, have nothing to go upon ; they are only beginning to feel their way, they have to establish their relations with things, and to create their own standard ; they are ardent, enthusiastic, impulsive. The old, on the other hand, have gathered experiences together which render them sober, cautious, and restrained, which the young often think is to be dull, old-fogeyish, and stiff-jointed. The old have seen the value of tradition, and have been able to test it, whereas the young find tradition often irksome and fettering.

We all learn by experience, but none of us can judge until we have got it—not while we are getting it. There is scarcely time even to think. It is probably true to say that human beings should be divided into two

classes only—the old and the young. Middle-age does not come into it, as you can see for yourself; for the old think the middle-aged young, and the young think them old, and so they really don't exist. This is comforting in a way, for no one likes to contemplate the passage of time (especially we who are in the middle of middle age). How we go from youth to age is a question for philosophy, but it seems to me that some of us go through life looking the wrong way—looking backwards in fact—and find ourselves suddenly old. If we face it we can see it coming, and avoid the shock. There are three stages of life—one up hill, one on the level, and one down hill. In early life we look forward to what we are *going to do*, then at *what we are doing*, and then at *what we have done*. It stands to reason that the young are much more inclined to take risks and to jump to conclusions than the old, who, by their experience, have learned caution. When you have nothing to lose you actually don't mind speculation. When you do not know where danger lies, or that there is even any danger at all, you don't hesitate to jump; but the old, from many a tumble, have learned to look before they leap. The young, perhaps, are inclined to make this mistake: they think because they have *never been old*, and so cannot understand the mind of the old people, that the old people have *never been young*, and so cannot understand the young. This is the cause of a lot of misunderstanding—for not only have the old been young, and filled with just as ardent impulses and hopes as the young, but some of them, as we shall see, found the secret of eternal youth, and were able to keep that precious possession. "It is a glorious thing to be young," said someone. So it is. And so it is to *have been young*, as long as you haven't forgotten how it felt, and are able to appreciate it in others. On the other hand, youth is so full of excitement and zest that the idea of growing old never receives any attention, and young life is so crammed with new experiences, that the more sedate and slower-moving minds and ways of older people are apt to be thought dull, unenterprising and uninspiring.

You will wonder why I have talked about youth and age in this way. It is because, with the example before us in the lives of these three great men, we have some opportunity of seeing what it was in them that made them as effective as they were, even to the end, long after the time when one would have expected them to have curtailed their activities, if not to have ceased altogether. And secondly, because to most of you here they were at the height of their powers long before you were born. Even as long ago as 1908, Parry, in one of his addresses, referring to the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the College, said, "I can't help feeling what grand luck it has been that so many of those who took part in

launching the ship are still much alive and ready for plenty more work for the College, such as Franklin Taylor, who did a tremendous lot of work preliminary to the launching. There is our dear Sir Walter Parratt, the most inspiring of teachers, who has radiated life, force and wisdom into young people during the whole 25 years. Then there is Sir C. V. Stanford, who has led the College forces to brilliant victories times out of number. Sir Frederick Bridge, whose humorous views on Counterpoint has made 5th Species so popular, and Mr. Visetti, whose devotion and enthusiasm have spread his representatives all over the world. Those five are all that are left of the original Board of Professors, men who bore the burden and heat of the day." (Mr. Franklin Taylor died in 1919, five months after Sir Hubert himself.) The great trio lived and worked for the College for another 16 years, making in all 41 years, save a few weeks, and laid down their burdens together at the end of March. There is only one of that original and distinguished band left now, and I am delighted to see him here—faithful as ever to the College, loyal as ever, and generous as ever. He carries alone in his hand the colours with which the College started. Bless him!

The debt which the College owes these men is only part of a larger debt which music owes to them. In those far away days when, young or even younger than most of you, they started on their career, music was in a very different state from what we find now. Performances were on a very different plane of efficiency: instruments were very different, organs clumsy and unwieldy, and the status of the music profession unrecognisable by us to-day, who find it honoured, honourable and attractive. The advantages *we* are used to were undreamed of then, the opportunities for hearing music were negligible, the music obtainable scanty, and yet out of these surroundings rose three men destined to exercise an immense influence over the music of their day and generation. Sir Walter Parratt, with his marvellous instinct for exactness of detail and beauty of phrasing, seized upon the works of Bach, recreated them to our father's and your grandfather's ears, and founded a school of organ playing, the first of its kind in existence. His pupils are scattered throughout the world, and to be a pupil of Parratt has for some generations been the Hall-mark of the Organist's profession. You who only knew him in these later days can have no idea of the radioactivity of his personality. To be with him was like an electric bath; when taught by him you realised that wisdom and the fear of the Lord were the same thing. To discover to him your trouble or sorrow was to open a heart as great as it was generous. To please him by a fair performance was as good as winning the Victoria Cross, and required much the same qualities. To be his friend was to know pleasure such as

is given to few. He was one of those who had learned how to keep eternal youth. He kept pace with everything new (and few could keep pace with him), he kept his mind always open and generous. He was marvellously alert, and had a prodigious memory. His knowledge of literature alone would have made him remarkable, and was the envy of us all. The College had always a great place in his heart, and he gave it the most distinguished service. The devotion of his pupils to him was his constant happiness. Which of us who knew him well have not delighted to walk across the Park with him, and remember how hard it was to keep pace with those great strides of his? I can see him still, coming down the steps from the Albert Hall two at a time at an age when most old young men are going about in bath chairs. We shall never see his like again, and we shall never forget him, nor what he has been to us and has done for us. It is an unbeatable record that a man who was 42 when the College was founded was able to serve it in so splendid a manner for 41 years more. Here, indeed, was a man who had the secret of perennial youth, and sharing in this gift comes Frederick Bridge.

I doubt if any musician ever covered so wide a range of activity as Bridge—composer, conductor, professor, lecturer, organist, researcher, fisherman, chorister, gossip, and organiser, etc., etc. He may be said to have gathered his experience in a bountiful harvest. Whatever he did went with an infectious enthusiasm that carried it through triumphantly. He believed in himself, and so others believed in him. And they were right; for he never let anyone down. There never was a better sportsman than the Organist of Westminster Abbey. He was extraordinarily kind to all sorts of people. His Organists' Benevolent Fund is witness to it. The sun rarely ceased to shine when you were with him, and he did no end of good by his kindly humour. His fun was never malicious, and he loved a joke against himself. No man worked harder or more persistently, and no one enjoyed the company of his friends more than he did. He was loved for his gaiety as much as he was admired for his shrewd remarks and hard hitting. Many a player or singer carries with him the remembrance of some stinging remark made in the Conductor's most genial manner. There was a charming simplicity about Bridge, and a frankness which won him everyone's esteem. Many who have been taught by him will say they learned a good deal about life in general during their lessons in Counterpoint. He was an amusing critic of his own work, and once confessed at a banquet to a well-known composer who had been a pupil of his, that he didn't think he'd done him much good, at least he couldn't see that he had. In a field widely different from that at Westminster,

Bridge did a great deal for music. He instructed an enormous number of pupils in antiquarian music. He created a musical atmosphere round Pepys. He brought many simple-minded things into relation with music, and his audiences at his frequent lectures learned a lot, and enjoyed themselves immensely. He was no dry-as-dust Professor, nor a deep academic scholar, but a human being, bubbling over with the enjoyment of life, an infectious, contagious person, who made the world happier for his having been in it, and who, at the age of 80, died just as he was completing a comic opera on a subject of Dickens'. He made his mark, and it will be a long time before it gets rubbed out.

What the College owes to Stanford would take a long time in the telling. What Stanford has done for English music would require a volume at least. Here was a man who, with Parry, Mackenzie, and later with Elgar, placed our music in such a position that the whole world may look and wonder and admire. You who only have known Sir Charles in his later years, should know that as a young man at Cambridge he transfigured its music to such a purpose, that for the period of his stay in the University, Cambridge was reckoned to be the most musical town in England, and with truth. He had a way with him—an Irish way—a torrential persuasiveness, which could not be withstood. If he wanted a thing—well it just had to be. Sometimes intolerant, often impatient, inflexible in what he thought and knew to be right, he exercised an immense influence on all who were brought into contact with him. I need say nothing about him as a composer: the world has already judged that, and given him a distinguished place among the great. But to us his greatest work here lay in the training of a band of composers whose fame is already universally established. They are the finest monument a man ever reared to himself. His pupils all acknowledge their indebtedness to him with gratitude. They knew what it was to suffer, but they also rejoiced, for Stanford was no respecter of persons when an ideal was a question. He was inexorable and unbending on what he thought were important principles. His insistence on methods sometimes produced antagonisms, but never weakened the affection of his pupils. Everyone has a secret admiration for a man who knows his own mind, and is ready to lay you out or be laid out for it. He was like that. But there was a real generous side to Stanford, and when occasion arose he would give unstinted praise for work that pleased him, and like the man in the Bible he would call in his friends to rejoice with him. His influence in Composition teaching was immense, and its effect is hard to put limits to. With his pupils Stanford has woven a

garland (as he was pleased sometimes to call it) of composers, which now adorns his memory ; and it is a noble one. Wherever you look you will find his pupils among the foremost composers of to-day, and through them most of those of to-morrow. Those who remember him as the conductor of the College Orchestra will bear witness to the marvellous discipline and fine results he obtained, and will acknowledge that he set a standard of efficiency and musicianship in performances which we have now to maintain, and I cannot help thinking how pleased he would have been to know that his "children," as he called them, gathered to do him honour in the Abbey, and played there with such fine effect some of his most characteristic music. Stanford was a really great man, whose work will live and whose influence will remain.

For what these men have done for us and the College, "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us ; such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing."

HUGH P. ALLEN.

In Memoriam.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE : SIR WALTER PARRATT :
SIR CHARLES STANFORD.

No "idle singers of an empty day "
Were the three veterans who have passed away,
But rather claiming room on history's page
As strenuous minstrels of a crowded age,
Who played most loyally their several parts
In service of the youngest of the Arts.
The first to go—the Abbey's organist—
For his untiring energy will be missed ;
He kept the zest of boyhood till fourscore,
Lover of London and her ancient lore,
Of PEPYS and BYRD and PURCELL ; and he lit
His talk and discourse with refreshing wit,
Kindly and keen, good-tempered and well-wishing,
And like SAM WESLEY in his love of fishing.
A graver note befits the homage due
To him who, noble-hearted through and through,
In every British organ-loft is held
In reverence as a teacher unexcelled,
And chief interpreter of the music made
To strengthen and exalt in worship's aid :
Gracious and wise, honoured by King and Court,
Yet honouring most the things of good report,
In friendship never known to flag or falter,
And to his peers the "best beloved WALTER."

Last of the three who in a fortnight's space
 Finished their memorable earthly race,
 In the great Abbey lies by PURCELL's side
 The Irish master who was England's pride,
 And in his early youth made Cambridge feel
 The force of his illuminating zeal.
 He trod new paths, while pedants stood aghast,
 Yet never sought to ostracize the past.
 Finely endowed with the creative gift,
 Too critical to imitate or drift,
 Fashion he worshipped not nor humour scorned,
 But every aspect of his art adorned,
 Revealed and purged the glories that belong
 To the rich treasure-house of Irish song,
 And magnified in high heroic strain
 Our mariners who scoured the Spanish main.
 But though their living presence may have gone
 From Windsor, Westminster and Kensington,
 Their life-long service to the Art divine
 Has surely built them an enduring shrine,
 And the "young lions" whom they sought to tame
 Will live to be the guardians of their fame.

C.L.G.

[Reprinted here by kind permission of the Editor of "Punch," and of Mr. C. L. Graves].

Sir Frederick Bridge.

It is probable that no musician of his day was a more familiar figure in London than the late Sir Frederick Bridge. At the Abbey, the Royal College, or Trinity College, as University Professor, as Gresham Lecturer, as Conductor of the Royal Choral Society, as one of the happiest of after-dinner speakers, or as sportsman in his Scottish home, he was well-known and universally popular. Whether conducting rehearsals for a Coronation, practising his Choristers, or presiding at a meeting of his beloved Organists' Benevolent League, there was always the same buoyant personality, the same unfailing optimism, the same humorous retort, the same shrewd good sense. There can surely have been few men occupying such an important position in the musical world for so many years, who made so few enemies: and his circle of real friends was enormous.

This was, I think, due largely to two characteristics; first to his essential cheeriness, and second to his real kindness of heart. I have known Sir Frederick for many years, since the time when I became his



Photo by Messrs. Campbell-Gray

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

AT THE ORGAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of "*Musical Times*.")

pupil at the Royal College ; but it was only when I was called to succeed him at the Abbey that I came to know him intimately, and that I was enabled fully to appreciate his character and his abilities. My position as successor to a man of strong individuality, who had worked for the best part of his life at Westminster Abbey, and was destined to spend the remainder of it within its Precincts, might have been a difficult one. But through Sir Frederick's unfailing kindness and tact no difficulty ever arose ; indeed our relations were always of the happiest. It is rather a curious coincidence that my predecessors both at Manchester Cathedral and at Westminster Abbey were appointed to their positions in the same year that I was born, and Sir Frederick probably regarded me as a hot-headed young man—indeed he was fond of introducing me as his "musical grandson." It cannot always have been easy for him to stand by and see changes made ; yet he was ever ready to express appreciation when occasion offered, and to the disgruntled who went to him expecting support, he would refuse all criticism of the new regime. For anything that might have been interpreted as interference was abhorrent to such a generous nature as his ; and I can only look back on our relations with the utmost gratitude and affection. I think it right to make this personal statement, as it emphasises one most delightful trait in his character ; ever since I have known him I have never heard him disparage another man ; and this, perhaps more than anything, accounts for the general affection with which he was regarded.

As to his actual work while at the Abbey I feel scarcely qualified to speak, from lack of first-hand knowledge ; but I can testify to abundant evidence of his good work when I took charge. The care with which his "organ-copies" of anthems and services were "edited" in his own handwriting, with marks of phrasing, expression, and so forth, show what thought he must have given to their preparation. Then there was the fine musical library which he had collected for the Choir. It should never be forgotten that at a time when most other Cathedral and Collegiate Churches were basing their repertoire largely on mid-Victorian compositions, dull 18th Century Anthems and Services, and foreign composers like Gounod and Spohr, Bridge was making available for our Services and performing at the Abbey a splendid series of Motets by early Italian and Spanish writers, and bringing to light works by the greatest English musicians of the earlier periods which were scarcely to be heard elsewhere. Probably, for example, the name of Richard Dering, many of whose fine works he edited from the copies in the Abbey Library, would be almost unknown but for Bridge.

An "allocation" from Sir Frederick (for it could hardly be called a conversation) when he button-holed one in the Cloisters after Sunday morning service was, to say the least, an exhilarating experience. Literally bubbling over with enthusiasm, he would discourse in no measured tones on all manner of subjects, ranging from the stained glass windows for Trinity College, or his recent researches into "London Cryes," to his exploits with rod and gun or his adventures at the last City dinner. But he was ever ready to place his knowledge and experience at the disposal of those who wanted his help, and his antiquarian studies were wide and valuable. Research into the manners and customs of olden times he made his principal hobby; he was never so happy as when bringing to light some forgotten composer or unknown work, and round his discovery he would weave one of his interesting, scholarly, and always amusing lectures. But he did not confine his interests to music; he was an enthusiast over Shakespeare, Pepys and Dickens; indeed his interests were enormously wide.

No account of Sir Frederick would be complete without some reference to his remarkably ready wit and power of repartee. The "good stories" about his sayings are numerous and well-known, and a good many of them have appeared in memoirs and in his own autobiography, "*A Westminster Pilgrim*." I will only quote one. He was conducting a rehearsal of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, when a cat came in and solemnly walked up the centre gangway. The Chorus, as was not unnatural, began to laugh; the Conductor, turning round to see the cause, immediately addressed the intruder as follows: "Come along, Miss, come along; there's your place, among the Sopranos!"

When a man gets a reputation for being a "wit," and is overflowing with boisterous good-nature, there is always a danger that the serious side of his character may be overlooked. And this, I think, was partially the case with Sir Frederick. Few people who knew him superficially realised that here was a man ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who needed it; his anxiety to aid those members of his profession who had fallen upon evil times was shown by his deep interest in the Organists' Benevolent League, for the foundation of which he was mainly responsible. Many of his old Choristers, too, have deep cause for gratitude for the kindly interest he took in their advancement in after life, as well as for his personal generosity. And there is no question that in all the manifold interests of his crowded life the thing that meant most to him was the Abbey and all that it stood for. He had great difficulties to face in his early days—laxity of discipline in the Choir, and a Dean and Chapter that

cared little for music and gave him very inadequate support, to mention only two ; but such difficulties only spurred him on to fresh energy and patience, and he should ever bear an honoured name amongst those who helped to raise Cathedral music to the position it occupies to-day.

I will conclude this very imperfect sketch of one of the leading figures of the musical world of an age that is now passing, with a "text" which still hangs on the wall of his study, and which perhaps more than anything else expresses his philosophy of life, "Don't Worry—Smile."

SYDNEY H. NICHOLSON.

Sir Charles Stanford.

A Tribute.

Assuming that Mother Nature has generously granted moderate health and fairly clear mental faculties, the great sorrow which advanced age has inevitably to face is the departure of life-long friends. Although the doubtful privilege of seniority was mine, Parry, Stanford and I started and ran our course side by side. The thought has ever been a source of pride to the one who remains to mourn the loss of those two great musicians whose friendship he so sincerely prized. Memory recalls the night of April the 9th, 1883, when, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, I was met by a young man who warmly greeted and congratulated me.

Neither of us could foreknow that we were to work together in closest connection and amity for many years : but that first impulsive handshake and countless subsequent kind words and actions—continued down to recent months—are gratefully remembered. Living abroad as I had been, and a stranger here, I only knew that he had already earned a distinguished name : but of the value or trend of Stanford's compositions I remained in ignorance, until the "Irish" Symphony awoke a lasting admiration of his gifts. That work chimed so completely in accordance with certain, much less convincingly expressed, aspirations of my own that it made an instant impression upon a Scot. Since these early days Stanford added so many still finer contributions to that particular section in the catalogue of truly national music that the unanimously approved choice of his last resting-place is but a well-won honour and thoroughly justified by the legacy of Art-work he left to us.

The wide field and variety of subject covered by his pen are as remarkable as the amazing technical skill and the rapidity which guided and moved it. Contrast the dignity of the fine Mass (in memory of Lord Leighton), the solemnity of the "Stabat Mater," with the humours of "Shamus" and "The Critic," or the simple beauty of the numerous

smaller songs, and a faint estimate of an exceptional versatility may be arrived at. Many a joyous half-hour do I owe to those witty Variations for Pianoforte and Orchestra on the grimmest of Folksongs. Nor is there any department of our Art which is not represented by some masterpieces. But it is the ever-welcome presence of that native, markedly personal thread so artistically and unconsciously woven into all his best music which specially appeals to me. That essential characteristic is now, to my thinking, as desirable as it is rare—and as frequently entirely absent.

I may be allowed to suppress the rising inclination to plead an excuse for venturing thus briefly, and at this time upon an appraisal of even a few of the features which are stamped upon the completed work of so singularly full a life of ceaseless activity, because the opinions here expressed were formed long ago, and remain unchanged to-day.

Others, much more competent, will presently write at length and leisure on the worth, example, and sane influence of this—in so many different directions—rarely accomplished musician.

Meanwhile, these few words are only meant to say that with the passing of C. V. Stanford we lose a great British Master in Music, and that his old friend is of the company which must miss him.

A. C. MACKENZIE.

Sir Walter Parratt.

I feel it impossible to write at all adequately about Sir Walter Parratt. For I think that the things which I can say will take on a tone too personal even for so intimate a College Magazine as ours. And the things that ought to be said, I am not justified to attempt. Our friendship was founded from first to last on my side upon the devotion and admiring love of pupil for master; and I am sure the impersonal words which would appraise his final work and influence must be unsaid or insufficiently said here; for during the last twenty-two years I saw him far too seldom. Indeed, I only wish I had had the good fortune to share more of the finely matured counsel which his latest pupils must often have had, and which, I expect, they will still be finding serviceable years hence, possibly when they least expect it. For his genius was, as I believe, the genius for clear thought; and it is obvious that clear thought uttered, let us say, last year can regulate enthusiasms and clarify muddled musical situations twenty years hence. For example, Sir Walter's casual remarks on phrasing and, better still, the memory of some sparkling clear piece of phrasing on his own part, played perhaps with one hand at a lesson, may clear up a young organist's technique years hence, when he is in his old age trying to



SIR WALTER PARRATT


play pieces still to be written by some future Bach still to be born. I remember, as I boy, standing at Sir Walter's side at St. George's when he disappointed me grievously by playing the great C major fugue *throughout* on one clarabella (or stopped diapason) on the great organ. How I longed for a change ! But that discipline still corrects me wholesomely from restless registration and from love of sensational climaxes. It was not musical asceticism on his part. It was clearly his genius for pure thought in the fugue itself which made all registration redundant. This was irritating to a boy turning over for him, who ached to hear the full swell come on, and then to hear the five pedal stops, including the Windsor trombone crunching out the final entry ; but now that simple method of his is a contagion of clear thinking to the same pupil, 40 years later, grown up enough to love Bach's clear thinking even more than his crashing climaxes. That is saying a great deal, as every Bach lover must know ; for the ecstasy of the final lap of one of the big fugues can be greater than *L'extase*, or any operatic climax one has ever heard. Don't you agree ?

I have wondered whether Sir Walter's notoriously marvellous feat of playing the Forty-eighth by heart at 10 years of age, and his simultaneous grasp of numberless games of chess, and this his great gift to us all of clean phrasing—I have wondered whether these things may not have been three symptoms of one heaven-sent faculty. But if this splendid gift had not been given to a loving man, possessed of shrewd judgment, of fancy, of playful humour with a tinge of satire, of companionable sympathies and a comforting understanding of lesser minds than his own, we should not have had the vital infectious benefits which we all have had from the gifts of this dear and great teacher.

I think the best I can now do is to turn to the eight first years when I knew him most intimately, and when (as his chorister and assistant) I worked daily under his guidance. I will not try to make an article fit for the reader's literary taste ; I will only try to write down a few recollections as they occur to me.

Sir Walter at Windsor.

We were twelve Choristers at St. George's School in 1882. Elvey was leaving, and I remember we were very properly grieving. Then we heard that a Mr. Parratt from Magdalen was coming, and that he was very strict, or something to that effect ; and we were prepared for the worst. I vividly remember my first sight of him. Hero-worship followed promptly. And never shall I forget seeing Arthur Smith—who was Elvey's assistant, and afterwards a first organ-scholar at College—how he rushed gloriously down the hill from chapel, after an ordinary voluntary (Mozart's F minor

Fantasia) after an ordinary morning service—"What *did* you think of THAT?" What was it we adored then and ever after? It was the lovely clearness and unerring accuracy. With Elvey, Handel was a majestic pile; and at any climax the chord of D was spelt  and all five fingers of both hands were needed for any great common chord. And how fine it sounded in its way! But with our new hero Handel was a clear thought, so clear, so sparkling, so new and exactly beautiful.

Then the 8.30 a.m. boys' practice was almost immediately instituted. A little pipe-organ arrived; and to it he took us, every morning. And at that time, as it seems now on most mornings, he brought something continually fresh to learn. Small parcels of new anthems from Novello's came in procession. We cut the leaves, and then read them. The joy of it! but I do not remember loving "How lovely" Brahms (at first) half so much as: "It came Even to pass, Even to pass, Even to pass," by Ouseley, with its thrilling organ interludes, thrillingly, clearly played. There was a "glad confident morning" touch about E major then. There is still, of course. One day Mr. Parratt brought in old Ouseley himself, looking very old and wise. Another day he was running as usual, through our game in the Castle Yard, to catch the 9.5 (which then was the one and only broad-gauge express to Paddington), and he shouted "Davies, turn round, run with me." I ran while he told me the delirious news that he wanted me to go to Oxford to sing the *May Queen*. In those days he was in close simultaneous touch with Oxford and Windsor. Things grew more entrancing every day. Everything connected with our adored leader was right, and great, and happy. The new organ came. I grew to be head-boy, and took a practice now and then. But a little door was put up in the organ loft, and it cut us off from seeing the new keyboard. "Will that be locked?" "Yes, Davies; but when you are assistant-organist, you will know where to find the key." This was the first and only intimation I remember that he ever gave me that I was to come back to him, characteristically kindly and playful. More rapture. As far as I was concerned, he had a way of evoking love that never could be told in any way whatsoever. So it acted as steam to drive an eight-cylinder engine as strong and as silent as any Rolls Royce. Besides the wonderful organ-playing, and besides the new anthems he brought, he assembled Strings in the organ loft for the "Messiah" at Christmas. The carols, too, were a joy, and *In dulci* and *See amid* became institutional. It is well to mention the childishness of a great man. As the gargoyles on a noble minister, so stood the awful puns in which Mr. Parratt indulged in those days to his otherwise noble mind and person, as we knew him and thought

of him. I remember vividly how he walked into the Schoolroom (was it in 1882?) and told us that Wagner was dead, and that the Queen "will be Waggn'er head about it, won't she, boys?" Another time, on the eve of a first lesson: "Well, do you think this boy will *count-a-point* at Cambridge?" and many others equally bad, and equally bearable from him.

One of the loveliest memories of those early days is of lying in bed between 9.30 and 10 o'clock listening to the booming of the E minor and other Bachs when the new organ drew him to itself on what seemed an endless series of Bach evenings. His joy in the organ was great. He rejoiced when Joachim acknowledged that the Windsor *Violone* was the first deep pedal stop that he had heard which gave out a real musical note. One of his first lessons to me was at the little piano in his study, where he showed me how to play Bach's D major Prelude (from the Forty-eight) and advised me to teach the right-hand part to my left-hand. He taught me score-reading by lending me Palestina motets; and the score teaching has taught me to feel caged-in, if ever I have to sit at an organ with a close-score arrangement. I can only wish all organists the Parratt-discipline in open-score and clef-reading early in their lives, as also the transposing discipline. (It is a curiously interesting historical reminiscence that Sir Walter had to transpose Stainer's anthem, "Lead kindly light" on the old organ—tuned in unequal temperament—when he first came, because of the Solo in B major. I remember well singing that Solo in B flat at his bidding.)

For three years I had the joy of being one of his solo-boys. He steadily built us up as efficient readers, and within our limitations as clear thinkers. For the next five years I was at the organ with him, and the infectious clearness of his playing seemed an ever-reliable influence for good, the more close the contact became. It was agony to displease or disappoint him, and a corresponding joy to earn his approval, which he sometimes seemed to love to express. Once I vividly remember having vexed him (through some culpable slackness over practices I expect). He thought I didn't mind, though I did mind very much, I remember; but I would not tell him that I did. He became severe, and I thought it hard luck. The climax soon came; for as his unwonted severity increased so did my grief and wounded pride. He was conducting and I playing the organ when the crises of crookedness was reached. I began to cry; but (as it was Bach) both hands were busy and tears had to roll on to the keyboard. Our eyes met in the middle of the music; and in a moment I knew he understood. No word was ever said; but the luxury of his

silently accepting me again was unspeakably great. This must all seem a very trifle to recount here, but it was typical of his unspoken relationship with his boys and pupils. He once told me playfully that he believed everything he read in the newspapers ; and (joking apart) he seemed to believe in appearances or reports rather readily. But his belief in motive was greater, and I do not think the truth escaped him. His quiet kindnesses and his glowing sympathies were lovely whenever they came into action or expression. I never felt this more than when I had left his care and came to College. He watched my work, anxiously looking for it to improve. When it was bad, he never let me feel let down or discouraged though he could say nothing in approval. When it improved, he glowed with satisfaction, and let me feel encouraged. I do not doubt that these poor but most loving tributes to his memory will be confirmed by hundreds of pupils who received from him this same unfailing help to be good musicians, clear thinkers and honest workers towards a perfected technique.

It seems characteristic of real teachers that they combine vision with a passion for detailed perfection. Sir Walter taught us to love and revere all the visionary gleams in a Bach Chorale—how memorable was his playing of the last line of *O Mensch bewein*—without letting us off a single detail : far sightedness for that which music attempts was combined in him with microscopic exactitude.

When I last saw him in December—he had already been taken ill—he told me that during the night his mind had been filled with Bach, and Chess. We had a lovely talk for forty minutes together. He said quietly and perhaps wishfully, that to die in one's sleep "seemed a very easy way," or words to that effect. He wrote a few days later about old days, and added : "Come again ; and let it be soon." The visit and the letter were both almost casual happenings, for I had not even heard that he was ill when I went down. But they happened to supply an almost perfect rounding to a relationship between a great teacher and one of his myriad pupils which, viewed in retrospect and taken as a whole, seems really flawless and wholly lovely. I can only hope that others share so helpful a memory of his life with us, and that it is within the plans of God for his music-loving children that we are all to meet again, in some glorious way.

WALFORD DAVIES.

Charles Villiers Stanford.

To commemorate, for readers of this Magazine, the great gifts and the unique personality which have now passed into the history of our College, is a task which no one of us could approach without diffidence. The barest record would involve the experience of a dozen generations of students, each of whom saw Stanford from its own angle, and from each of whom a tribute would be due. Nor would even this represent, with anything approaching completeness, the impress of his work on our art as a whole. A yet broader vision of time is necessary, if Stanford's place in it is to be properly understood.

Some of us felt his power in early days, when he was in truth fighting for the very existence of what we now call the English renaissance. Some, like myself, came to him when that fight was virtually won, when he was without question one of the outstanding figures of his time, both in accomplishment and in recognition. Some saw him only when by the march of years his vigour had begun to wane, when it was not so easy to realise what a valiant protagonist he had been. But all of us, whether we knew him early or late, have inherited an English music whose unchallenged vitality we owe to the men of Stanford's generation. And among those men he was, by universal acclaim, one of the great captains.

It was in the seventies and eighties of the last century that Stanford's leadership was won, and it is difficult for us to imagine the environment which then afflicted music in England. There were still thousands of amateurs, not indiscriminating in other spheres, who seemed to hold that there was little music so admirable as that of Mendelssohn, and none better. Handel had a firm place in the public esteem, but of contemporary favourites Gounod, and his still shallower imitators, hardly misrepresented the prevailing taste. In such an atmosphere Stanford had the temerity to preach Schumann, to discover Brahms. Think of a London in which the classics appeared only intermittently. Native energy was mainly confined to a few provincial festivals, magnificent indeed, but necessarily available only for the few. Think of what passed for music in so many of the churches of that time. Think of the abysmal taste of the drawing-room. Remember to what trifling ends were directed the talents of many who had specifically musical gifts; virtuosities almost incredibly childish; weird names and weirder manners accounted the natural concomitants of artistic pretensions. So far as our national life was concerned, good music was still in the main an imported exotic, towards which the normal Englishman reacted sometimes with wonder, sometimes with scorn. The memory of Stanford demands from us the truth about these things.

And then turn to the years in which his life has closed. Is there more or better music now to be found anywhere than in London? Is there a village in England which has not to some extent followed his lead? Everywhere there is activity, much of it devoted to the highest ideals. It

is music produced by Englishmen for Englishmen, and an increasing proportion of it is written by Englishmen too. It is confined to no place, nor to any class. A whole public school can join in the B minor Mass. There is practically no limit to the music that is now welcomed as a natural field for discrimination and training. Need one say more? This is the movement of which Stanford was one of the pioneers. These are the things he fought for. Towards the furthering of these things his life was spent. "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*"

That his character had its angles, his enthusiasm its bounds, it would be a poor tribute to his memory to deny. Nor need we here urge on the other side his watchfulness and his essential kindliness, qualities which made him sometimes more like a parent than a master. Stanford was, like all effective reformers, a man of direct and uncompromising mould. What he believed, he believed, and there was an end of it. But it is difficult to see how with a spirit less fiery he could have done what he did. There had always been in England a number of comparatively cloistered souls, who had practised their art as they understood it, with modest integrity. Stanford challenged the continental giants on their own ground. He was to show the slow-moving public that it was possible to be a musician of pronounced distinction, and yet lose not a particle of one's native character. The very qualities which made him seem blunt and imperious in later years were just those which in earlier days had impressed an ever-widening circle of disciples. He had succeeded by force of character, by refusal of compromise. He never forgot his crusades. And he retained to the end something of the outward asperity of a partisan.

One of the most illuminating traits in his character was his reaction towards Wagner. He reminds one of an analagous fortitude in Samuel Butler. Just as Butler would not be coerced by the pontifical Darwinians, not because he misunderstood them, but because he understood them too well, so Stanford refused to be stampeded into the fashions of Wagnerianism. Many things in Wagner's art were frankly antipathetic to him. It was not insensitiveness, but the reverse. And who shall say that Stanford's own music would have been improved by the admixture of an atmosphere or of a technique so completely alien to his own natural intuitions? Stanford held to his own native strain. He gave it form and distinction. And it now has a permanent place in our history because he found some things good, and other things less good, and made no secret of the matter.

This integrity and these compact ideals were unsparingly devoted to the College. In some departments, and for a long period, he was virtually

an autocrat. He covered practically the whole field of orchestral music, and he had the best traditions of classical interpretation at his fingers' ends. He was largely responsible for the production of a long series of operas, prepared without a theatre, and with so little stage rehearsal that only a strong faith and a ready improvisation could have produced them at all. He was not a virtuoso conductor. Virtuosity of every kind was alien to his temperament. Contrasted with the more exuberant, his methods appeared to be sound rather than inspired. But he could handle large masses with a command and with a dignity which revealed the nobility of masterpieces. And there was probably no man in England who better knew what one may call the "shop" of the classics, the detail that scholars had fought over, the idiosyncracies of rendering ascribed to famous men of the past. Here he equalled the best men on the Continent, to whom such knowledge comes by direct inheritance. And this intimacy of understanding he could pass on to those whose taste was sufficiently keen.

As a teacher he naturally displayed both the virtues and the limitations of his temperament. He was impatient, blunt, and frankly hostile to much of what we are pleased to call modernity. To him music was, as it were, a body of truth, and what was not true was false. To deny the truth was heresy. To be lukewarm was to betray one's poverty of soul. Yet his technical advice was impeccable. And though few of his ablest pupils could embrace his particular dogmas, the best of them caught from him the stimulus of a faith of some kind, without which there can be little strength or merit in work. There has certainly been no other teacher of composition in England who has approached Stanford in the number and distinction of his pupils. If to be a great teacher is to produce neat samples after one's own model, then Stanford failed. If the proper criterion is an inculcated virility of speech, a sustained harvest of decided and coherent personalities, then Stanford was phenomenal in his success. This same bias was apparent in his own works. Youthful iconoclasts respected rather than emulated them. But those of us who played, from manuscript or from first proof, works like the *Sea Songs*, the *Irish Rhapsodies*, the *Stabat Mater*, or "*Much Ado*," gathered, it is to be hoped, something of his essential cleanliness of thought, his directness of aim, his economy of expression.

Stanford's artistic philosophy was in essence an identification of music with everything he accounted best in the life of his place and time. Precious attitudes and artificial segregations he abhorred. The flowing locks or the queer clothes, which too often marked the social hybrid, met with scant courtesy in his presence. Music in England should wear, so to

speak, the costume of the country, cloth cap and tweeds. It must not wilt before the east wind. Stanford began by proving that he could be a musician and an undergraduate. He went on to show that he could be a musician of outstanding quality and at the same time a characteristically normal member of English society. And those of us who have moved about the world and have heard men talk about our College as an institution, will agree that what the best men say of it is that no artistic school in the country can pride itself on a more convincing social sanity. This we owe to men like Grove, like Parry, like Parratt, like Stanford. It was the wealth of their connections with every department of English life and thought which enabled them to give to music a firm root in the structure. Stanford's versatility was immense. He was a composer, a conductor, a teacher and a writer, to an extent to which there are few parallels. It is possible that in some ways he was even too prodigal of his talents. A narrower or more selfish aim might have intensified his fame in a chosen direction. But whatever he touched he invested with a natural health, and it is not for us to regret his bounty. Our music is what it is to-day, in no small measure, because Stanford spent himself royally in covering the whole field of it.

GEORGE DYSON.

Sir Walter Parratt's Pupils.

At the urgent request of many members of the R.C.M. Union, we print here a list of some of the representative pupils of Sir Walter Parratt. In the time at our disposal it has been impossible to make the list complete in the sense of giving names of *all* Sir Walter's pupils, or in supplying the dates of their studentship. But even as it stands we believe this list to be of great significance; and it records very vividly Sir Walter's success as a Teacher.

In the list are some names distinguished more in other branches of musicianship than those of Organ-playing. But none have a better claim than these to inclusion here.

Mr. J. E. ADKINS	Organist of Preston Parish Church.
Mr. BASIL ALLCHIN	Organist of Hertford College, Oxford.
Dr. PERCY ALDERSON	Organist of Kingston Parish Church.
Mr. ARMITAGE	Organist of Christ College, Cambridge.
Mr. THOMAS ARMSTRONG	St. Peter's, Eaton Square.
Mr. HURST BANNISTER	R.C.M. Staff.
Mr. J. E. BARKWORTH	
Dr. A. F. BARNES	Late Organist of Keble College, Oxford.
Dr. R. O. BEACHCROFT	Director of Music, Clifton College.
Mr. JAMES BELL	Organist of St. Luke's Redcliffe Square.

Miss BEAUCHAMP (Countess von Arnim, now Countess Russell)	...	Authoress.
Dr. A. HERBERT BREWER	...	Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.
Prof. PERCY BUCK	...	Director of Music, Harrow.
Mr. GERALD BULLIVANT	...	Organist of St. James's, Piccadilly.
Dr. MARMADUKE CONWAY	...	Organist of Wells Cathedral.
Rev. ARNOLD CULLEY	...	Precentor and Organist, Durham Cathedral.
Dr. HAROLD DARKE	...	Organist of St. Michael's, Cornhill.
Sir H. WALFORD DAVIES	...	Professor of Music in the University of Wales.
Mr. MALCOLM DAVIDSON	...	
Dr. BROMLEY DERRY	...	Organist of Chapel Royal, Savoy.
Mr. W. DUNNILL	...	Organist of Birmingham Cathedral.
Mr. ARTHUR EGERTON	...	Organist of Montreal Cathedral, Canada.
Mr. HERBERT ELLINGFORD	...	Organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool.
Mr. DOUGLAS G. A. FOX	...	Music Master, Bradfield College.
Mr. ERIC GRITTON	...	Organist of Reigate Parish Church; an ex-Mendelssohn Scholar.
Mr. A. H. GRIFFITHS	...	Organist of St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem.
Dr. T. HAIGH	...	Organist of Parish Church, Ramsgate.
Dr. W. H. HARRIS	...	Organist of New College, Oxford.
Dr. W. H. HICKOX	...	Organist of St. Philip's, Kensington; Professor of Organ, G.S.M.
Dr. J. C. HOBY	...	Director of Music, Royal Marines (Chatham).
Mr. A. P. HOWE	...	G.S.M. Staff; Organist of St. Augustine's, Kilburn.
Mr. HERBERT HOWELLS	...	R.C.M. Staff.
Mr. JOHN IRELAND	...	Organist of Parish Church, Chelsea.
Mr. BASIL JOHNSON	...	Director of Music and Precentor, Eton College.
Mr. F. KIDDLE	...	Organist to Queen's Hall Orchestra.
Mr. C. LECKIE	...	Organist of Perth Cathedral (W. Australia).
Mr. GEOFFREY LEEDS	...	Organist of Parish Church, Eton.
Dr. HENRY G. LEY	...	Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.
Mr. C. T. LOFTHOUSE	...	R.C.M. Staff.
Col. EDWARD MERCER	...	Harrow School.
Mr. SYDNEY NICHOLSON	...	Organist of Westminster Abbey.
Mr. TERTIUS NOBLE	...	Organist, St. Thomas's Church, 5th Avenue, New York (ex-Organist of York Minster).
Mr. BERNARD ORD	...	Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.
Miss ADELAIDE PARKER	...	Recitalist.
Mr. O. PEASGOOD	...	Sub-Organist of Westminster Abbey.
Rev. A. H. PEPPIN	...	Director of Music, Rugby School.
Dr. W. J. PHILLIPS	...	Organist of St. Cuthbert's, Kensington.
Mr. NOEL PONSONBY	...	Organist of Ely Cathedral.
Mr. AUBYN RAYMAR	...	R.C.M. Staff.
Dr. HAROLD RHODES	...	Organist of Parish Church, Torquay.
Mr. J. S. ROBSON	...	Organist of Parish Church, Grimsby.
Dr. CYRIL ROTHAM	...	Organist of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Mr. HUGH C. M. ROSS	...	Conductor, Male Voice Choral Society, Winnipeg, Canada.
Mr. F. H. SEWELL	...	R.C.M. Staff.
Mr. F. H. SHERA	...	Music Master, Malvern School.
Mr. SYDNEY SHIMMIN	...	Music Master, Cheltenham Ladies College.
Dr. F. G. SHINN	...	Professor of R.A.M.
Dr. ARTHUR SOMERVELL	...	Principal Inspector of Music to the Board of Education.
Mr. CLEMENT SPURLING	...	Director of Music, Oundle School.

Mr. HEATHCOTE STATHAM	...	Late Organist of Calcutta Cathedral; now Director of Music, St. Michael's College, Tenbury.
Dr. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI	...	Conductor, Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, U.S.A.
Mr. HARRY STUBBS	...	Organist of Charterhouse.
Mr. S. G. P. STUBBS	...	Organist, Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore.
Mr. E. DOUGLAS TAYLER	...	Organist, Parish Church, Lancaster; sometime Organist Grahamstown Cathedral, S. Africa.
Mr. COLIN TAYLOR	...	Assistant-Director, South African College of Music, Cape Town.
Mr. SYDNEY TOMS	...	Late Organist of St. James's, Piccadilly.
Mr. R. S. THATCHER	...	Director of Music, Charterhouse.
Mr. MAURICE VINDEN	...	St. Mark's, North Audley Street.
Dr. F. W. WADELEY	...	Organist of Carlisle Cathedral.
Dr. J. E. WALLACE	...	Organist of Ullet Road Church, Liverpool.
Miss ROSALIE DAVAN WETTON	...	Sometime Organist of Girton College, Cambridge.
Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS	...	Professor of Composition, R.C.M.
Dr. A. W. WILSON	...	Organist of Manchester Cathedral.
Mr. HENRY C. WILSON	...	Organist of St. James's, Paddington.

Sir Charles Stanford and the R.C.M. Orchestra.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford had such gifts as a composer and teacher of composition that it is little wonder they have dominated most appreciations of him which have appeared of late in different quarters. Yet they were not his sole claim to eminence. His secondary gifts (could they have been dispersed), would have supplied several people with honourable reputations, and as a Conductor he achieved more than Collegians even—with their privileged opportunities for observation—may have quite realised.

British orchestras are acknowledged to be among the finest in the world. Fifty years ago their members were mainly foreign: to-day they are staffed with British born, British trained players, unsurpassed in resourcefulness, self-reliance, sight-reading and ready musicianship. Their training grounds have been the R.A.M. and R.C.M., and Sir Charles Stanford was one of their greatest trainers. For years now he cannot have gone to any first class orchestral concert in the Kingdom without seeing the faces of old Collegians confronting him from among the ranks of players.

Outside College he held several important appointments. The Cambridge conductorships began (while he was still an undergraduate) with the Cambridge Amateur Vocal Guild, soon joined by that of the Cambridge University Musical Society. Then there was the conductorship of the London Bach Choir, which lasted from 1885 to 1902, and the conductorship of the Leeds Philharmonic Society and Festival from 1901 to 1910. There were also various Royal Philharmonic Society Concerts in

London. It is on these outside appointments that his conducting is usually appraised, but no one really knew him who had not seen him with the R.C.M. Orchestra. Here his powers found their most congenial expression, and he put a steady glow of enthusiasm into work that many men might have regarded as mere tiresome routine.

From the beginning Stanford had been connected with the College Orchestra. While Holmes conducted one of the bi-weekly practices he conducted the other, and from 1894, when Holmes left, he reigned supreme, till failing health made it advisable for him first to share and then to pass on to Mr. Adrian Boult the duties which he had discharged for over thirty years. Stanford conducted his first College Orchestral Concert on December 18th, 1884; he conducted his last on June 3rd, 1921. In the years intervening the Orchestra had gone through many changes and done many things. Its earliest performances were "across the way" at the Royal Albert Hall, next at Queen Alexandra's House, and later rehearsals and concerts took place in the temporary Hall, known as the "Tin Tabernacle," a place horribly hot in summer, freezing in winter, but magnificent for sound, which stood on the site of the Parry Opera Theatre. Then back to Alexandra House while the present Concert Hall was building, and finally in the summer of 1901 the Orchestra settled into its permanent home. The event was celebrated by two Concerts that were among the finest Sir Charles ever gave with his "children," as he called his students. Some of the outside concerts for which the R.C.M. band was engaged about this time must surely also have afforded him satisfaction—the concerts for the Naval Architects, the concerts at Leicester, Oxford, Cambridge, and other places (the whole orchestra conveyed there and back by special train), and, most impressive of all, that performance in King's College Chapel, when Stanford conducted his own *Te Deum* and Brahms' C minor Symphony. The sound of the last movement, the great exultancy of beauty he achieved still lingers in the memories of those who heard it more than twenty years ago. Besides all this concert work there were the annual Opera performances. They interested Sir Charles enormously. Unlike most Britons (or rather *ahead* of them), he believed in Opera, and at College did things "in his stride" which, when others did them later elsewhere, were hailed as tremendous achievements—for instance, the restoration of the original Finale in "*Don Giovanni*," and the performance, without breaks, of Wagner's "*Flying Dutchman*." Stanford was unsparing, enthusiastic, almost ruthless in the thoroughness of his preparations and rehearsals. Though we in the band often felt rueful as he issued his final orders: "Now, ye're not to

look at the stage, ye're to look at *me*" ; of course he was perfectly right ! One reward of his thoroughness was that when at a performance ("The Magic Flute," I think it was), all lights failed in the Lyceum Orchestra, the band continued as if nothing had happened, and played by heart for a page till the lights came on again. Nor did his thoroughness stop at the music. Every detail of the production came within his purview ; he usually had most definite ideas as to what he wanted, and was delightfully disregarding of the steps necessary between a wish and its fulfilment. Once a few hours before a public performance he suddenly decided that six characters (Bacchantes, I believe), must be dressed in leopard skins. "But where *can* I get leopard skins at such short notice," asked the harassed official responsible ? "Make them out of tissue paper" was his clinching though hardly comforting reply.

In what one may call the business management of the band he was clear-cut, had a definite sense of the dignity of the Orchestra, and expected the players to take their share in upholding it. His own punctuality was amazing. I never remember his being a minute late, save on the famous occasion when the band got caught in a blizzard going to Highbury—but that story is too long to tell here. He also took great pride in the appearance of the orchestra : never liked, indeed never *allowed* anyone to sit with one knee crossed over the other, absolutely banned the use of a penny instead of a mute (confiscating the coin to his own pocket if he caught one), and talking and inattention called out those Celtic fires, which were part of his nature. Once after he had been goaded by what he considered a long course of insubordination in a certain clever violinist, he suddenly went ashy white, silent with anger, and then, in a small, but unforgettable voice, said "Out you go, Sir." The boy went striding down the Hall while we all sat for what seemed an eternity in sepulchral silence. On another occasion something of the same sort happened, but in the stillness preceding the word of doom, one member of the band, unable to bear the tension, suddenly gave an irrepressible giggle. For an instant Sir Charles hesitated, then his own sense of humour came to the rescue, and with his laughter the episode ended.

Certainly, the hold he obtained over his players, and the *esprit de corps* he built up among them, were helped by the justice and kindness that lay at the back of his sternness. Here are some instances. Talking had been going on at a back desk occupied by a couple of fiddlers. One girl was chatting continuously—while the other did her best to turn a deaf ear and attend to the beat. "Ye're talking again," thundered Sir Charles furiously at No. 2. Now injustice stings some natures deeply. No. 2

was an Irish girl, with the face of a seraph and the pluck of a lion. After the practice was over she marched up, and said succinctly, "Sir Charles, you said I was talking. That's a *lie*." He gazed in astonishment, then suddenly replied very gently, "You're right, child, and I believe you. I'm sorry."

On another occasion one of his best Viola players had bought tickets for the Opera at Covent Garden, but alas, when the date of the College Orchestral Concert was announced it proved to be the same night. She went to Sir Charles and begged leave of absence. He refused; exceptions could not be made to the rule, he said: the discipline of the band must be considered, etc., etc. "Very well, I quite understand, Sir Charles, I will come to the Concert." She was walking away, when he called her back and whispered confidentially, "Look here, child, you just *go* to that Opera."

His beat when conducting was clear. Though he never employed much variety of gesture, or left-hand delineation, and though his style was that of the old school, he always conveyed clearly what he wanted, and that without any strain to himself or fuss for the players. He expected all his students to be musicians: insisted on their being fine sight-readers, and also insisted on their watching the beat and the printed page simultaneously. People who only knew him latterly have levelled the reproach that he was unsympathetic to modern compositions. His choice of works for the College orchestra goes far to disprove this. During the time he was in his prime he kept abreast of all new ideas, and I distinctly recollect his playing Elgar and Strauss when it still required courage to do so. If his warmest affections lay in the direction of classical music that is no crime, and it looks as if history will endorse a good many of his opinions. In especial his understanding of Brahms was a remarkable combination of intellect and intuition. I have spoken with many who played under him; one and all agree in placing his Brahms' interpretations as his finest performances. Mr. Claude Hobday, intimately connected with the College orchestra for years, writes: "I always felt he was happiest when interpreting Brahms; he had such a fine sense of the Brahms' rhythms and a perfect understanding of the tempi."

There was another Viennese composer for whom Stanford had a great (and to many people) unexpected liking. This was Johann Strauss, the Valse king. Once a year, at the end of the summer term, he always played something by him as a happy send-off for the holidays. These interpretations were really as remarkable in their way as the readings of the Brahms Symphonies, for Stanford had that thing so rare in England as to be almost unknown—the Viennese lilt.

Ordinarily when conducting Stanford's face was inexpressive. But there came times when, in some great passage of a noble work, the beauty of the music seemed to rouse him to a passion of high love and reverence; then the hidden fires glowed in his look; one glimpsed that compelling power by which, more than by any words or teaching, he made his crude, mettlesome young pupils feel they could not fail in what he expected from them, and one realised that in the ultimate resort what he demanded was not so much loyalty to himself as loyalty to his ideals.

MARION M. SCOTT.

Sir Walter Parratt as Teacher.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to exercise as powerful and far-reaching an influence on any branch of art as did Sir Walter Parratt on that of organ-playing. As Church Organist he continuously held appointments from the early age of eleven to the time of his death, rising from the humble Armitage Bridge Church to the position of King's Organist at St. George's, Windsor. As Recitalist, he opened most of the principal organs in the country, influenced a generation by his clear-cut and refined playing, and, incidentally, introduced to a public accustomed to arrangements of Handel choruses the little known works of Bach, Rheinberger, and other composers of every school and nation. As Teacher, he taught most of the Organists of our Cathedrals, Parish Churches and Concert Halls, and created a tradition of Organ-playing without parallel since the days of Bach. It is with this last aspect of Parratt's career that this article is chiefly concerned.

In 1883 Sir George Grove invited Parratt to become the first Professor of the Organ at the Royal College of Music, with a seat on the Board of Professors. Thus, for nearly 40 years Sir Walter trained and sent out musical disciples to all parts of the world. The mere list of his Organ pupils is a testimony to his success. It is so remarkable that one is tempted to enquire what was the nature of that extraordinary power which Parratt possessed to an unusual degree—that power not only of imparting knowledge but of creating a tradition of Organ playing so distinctive that it became generally known as "The Parratt School." Was it his knowledge, his impeccable taste, his sensitive ear, his uncanny memory, his general culture? These qualities he certainly possessed; but added to these, was that far more elusive thing we call Personality. Parratt, the Man, taught his pupils even more than Parratt, the Musician.

However, for the moment, we would discuss the technical aspect of his teaching. He perhaps laid the greatest stress on cleanness of phrasing

and part-playing, and accuracy of notes—qualities especially important in the performance of music which is characteristically polyphonic in its texture. He was intolerant of untidiness and smudginess, and his quick perception soon penetrated superficiality in a performance. He was equally intolerant of “filling in.” “Organists are like doughnuts—too filling at the price,” was one of his many sayings; “Be clean, Sir! be clean!” another. What memories these words will awaken in the minds of his many pupils! To the writer they take his mind back some 20 odd years to a day, when as a lad of 14, he had his first lesson from Sir Walter. As a “Boy Organist,” he had caused some sensation in local circles; he played fluently; he dished up some Bach and Rheinberger with a mixture of Batiste and a good dose of Darke “filling in”—he gave recitals in “Swimming Baths” (Sir Walter’s irreverent name for Chapels!) and generally had more success than was good for him. One lesson disillusioned the young Organist’s mind. Those early lessons were unhappy—perhaps the most unhappy days of a College career; but on looking back, the wisdom and justice which underlay Sir Walter’s wrath is clear, and one can thank him. Yet even now, Rheinberger’s Pastoral Sonata and Mendelssohn’s No. 6 smell of Room 83!

Sir Walter was intolerant of any form of conceit, and merciless in his condemnation of it. He hated humbug and pomposity. To a pupil—a poor musician, but immaculately dressed, he once said:—

“Sir, why don’t you play with more expression?”

“Do you mean you wish me to use more Swell, Sir Walter?”

“No, Sir, there is enough of that on the Organ seat.”

No master was more exacting in attention to details of technique; but in the wider aspects of teaching—interpretation and registration—he guided, then wisely left his pupils to work out their own salvation. Perhaps this trait, more than any other, emphasises his greatness as a teacher. He taught his pupils to think for themselves. Even in the interpretation of Bach—of whom there was no greater exponent than Parratt—he allowed his pupils the widest latitude. He disliked formality, and encouraged enterprise and initiative. These characteristics of enterprise and initiative he carried into effect in his own playing. Although his style was restrained he rarely played a piece twice in the same way, or with the same registration. He delighted to seek new ways of interpretation.

Further, his enterprise in keeping in touch with new music and modern developments was always a source of amazement to his pupils. He refused to allow his mind to run in a rut—“Grooves are graves” he would say—and he always seemed to be the first to possess a copy of the

latest music. Often he brought with him to College some new Orchestral score or Choral work ; and although he was not entirely sympathetic towards modern developments, his open-mindedness was significant. He was possibly the first Organist to introduce the Choral Preludes of Karg-Elert and Max Reger and the Organ works of Cæsar Franck to this country. But his love for Bach was supreme, and he certainly did more than any other Organist to revive the less known works—the Sonatas and Choral Preludes.

He encouraged enterprise in other fields of life than Music. Parratt's own interests were manifold—Music—Letters—Architecture—Nature—Chess—and he expected his pupils to show equal catholicity of interests. He constantly adjured his pupils to be more than mere organists. "An organist must be a many-sided musician. He must be able to conduct Choral Societies—play the piano—accompany—organise—and a hundred other things."

His phenomenal memory—his feats of Chessmanship and his playing of the "48" when a lad of ten—has been the catch-word of a Newspaper world. These feats were not more amazing than those he constantly and unconsciously performed in the everyday life of teaching. Nothing escaped his alert mind. Although engaged in conversation with the numerous young ladies and pupils who always flocked to his lessons, he allowed nothing to pass unnoticed. His lessons were veritable At-Homes, so eagerly did his friends and pupils seek his presence, to the embarrassment, at times, of the pupils. To the outsider, such conditions would seem unfavourable for conscientious teaching ; but Sir Walter was capable of doing several things at the same time, and of doing them well. His presence dominated the Organ loft, as it did any place he was in. He was exacting, but not unreasonable ; impatient, at times, but always just ; something of a task-master, but ever sympathetic. To a man whose mind was always alert, who used every moment of a day to some purpose, whose amazing energy was never wasted, slackness and frivolity were anathema. On occasion, his tongue was caustic. His words could cut deep, but they rarely left the sting of bitterness—his sense of humour was too strong—and they only spurred on his pupils the more. He commanded respect, but he won affection as well. His lovable, highly-sensitive nature drew men towards him, and those who were privileged to be his pupils counted it an honour not merely to learn from him but to look upon him as a friend.

HAROLD E. DARKE.

Sir Charles Stanford and his Pupils.

It is a curious paradox that in spite of Sir Charles Stanford's dominating personality (at times aggressively dominating), hardly one of his many pupils' works shows any influence of Stanford. Could any music be more dissimilar than that of Hurlstone and Holst, of Goossens, Rutland Boughton and John Ireland? And this fact in itself is surely the finest tribute to his teaching, that he kept his own personality in the background, and helped them, whether they were conscious of it or not, to express themselves, to say clearly what they wanted to say.

Stanford's teaching seemed to be without method, one might almost say haphazard. With the possible exception of the study of "modes," on the proper understanding of which he rightly insisted, there was nothing in the nature of a systematic course of composition. We wrote what we pleased, and he contented himself with criticising what was placed before him. Kindliness and geniality were his most characteristic qualities, and his oft-repeated comment (often the sole remark at a lesson), "this is d——d ugly, my boy!" was given in such dulcet tones and with such a gentle motion of the eyelid that it came to be regarded almost as a tribute of affection, and the few occasions when it did not occur left a feeling of blankness, as of something essential having been lost. Intensely conservative, loving intensely the classical masters, hating with an equal intensity the more advanced moderns, there was yet no trace of pedantry in him. The wide range of his knowledge and the perfect mastery of his craft made him impatient with the groping and defective workmanship of the experimenters, but in passing judgment his native Irish humour generally came to his aid.

Stanford had a horror of what he considered "unhealthy" music. A famous Oratorio by a contemporary was stigmatised by him as "sick-room" music, and an excessive use of discords produced in him a positively physical repulsion.

In a recent conversation he complained to me that most of his pupils had gone far beyond his idea of what music should be, and that they had all "lost their heads." Yet I think he was secretly quite proud of the high position to which some of them have attained.

After the publication of the first list of Carnegie Trust awards, in which six out of the seven works chosen were by himself and his pupils, he wrote "The old hen and her chickens have come out very well."

EDGAR L. BAINTON.

When Sir Charles Stanford, in 1911, published his Treatise on Musical Composition he paid a graceful prefatory compliment to those who "in learning from him, have taught him how to teach, and by their unvarying loyalty and keen endeavour have minimised the anxiety and magnified the interest of his labours on their behalf."

In looking back upon the period of our studentship it is inconceivable that any of us can forget how largely both our loyalty and our keen endeavour were the result of our admiration for the great man who placed so much of his greatness at our disposal. He was not an easy task-master, but our worst lessons were often our best. He could (and did) give us a very bad time on occasions, but we emerged better critics of ourselves.

From all he demanded a high artistic fidelity. We were obliged to give our attention to form and shape and detail—the inspiration of the moment was not enough. Above all we were made to write clearly and cleanly. Slipshod workmanship was at once discovered, and at once condemned. He would not pass a weak or an unworthy bar; if we knew it was there and trusted it would escape his notice (as perhaps we sometimes did) we soon found we had under-estimated his amazing quickness of perception. He had his foibles as a teacher, perhaps, and some of these, especially in the matter of orchestration, were rather amazing. He was resentful if we wanted to employ such "luxury" instruments as bass-clarinets and double-bassoons, and to write a *tremolando* for the double-basses was a sure way of rousing him to wrath.

His favourite remedy for difficulties was "rests," of which he himself assuredly knew the value. "Take refuge in simplicity," he would say, as he pencilled through shoals of notes—and he was often astonishingly right! Stanford's critical severity, however, was balanced by a boyish enthusiasm for everything we did well, and that was indeed wonderfully stimulating. He would rush with our manuscripts into the teaching-room of any Professor who happened to be engaged on the same floor and insist upon the poor unoffending Professor hearing the work through from beginning to end—and many a conscientious Professor has had to work "over-time" in consequence!

He would take pride and infinite pains in rehearsing such works, and very many are the composers who have received practical encouragement that led, through Stanford's effort, to their recognition by the world at large.

It is impossible to over-estimate the value of Stanford's services to the College and to music in general. The greatest tribute to his genius as

a trainer of composers is to be found in the works of the many now distinguished pupils who once passed through his hands. If these were but pale reflections of his ideas his teaching might well be condemned. But it is not so. They bear eloquent testimony, in their technical efficiency, to the wisdom of his guidance, and in their developed variety and independence, to the breadth of his sympathies.

THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

I well remember the two long days of examination which candidates for the Composition Scholarships in 1883 had to undergo, but my most vivid recollection is that on the morning of the second day, a very tall and, as he seemed to me, middle-aged gentleman took me aside before the day's work began and talked to me for about ten minutes, chiefly about the compositions I had submitted and the opportunities I had had of hearing music. I did not know it at the time, and indeed not till the term began and I went for my first composition lesson, that I had been talking to Stanford. I have never forgotten the sympathetic way in which he "drew me out" in this first conversation. His delightful manner I saw more fully when later on I went to Cambridge as an undergraduate. Professor Stanford, as he became in my first term of residence, was then resident in Cambridge. He very much liked to have the young men at his house, or to drop into their rooms for a talk or for tea after an afternoon rehearsal, and on these occasions there was never any trace of the College don; he was just an undergraduate like the rest of us in the room.

His teaching was always most inspiring. He sometimes appeared to me over-generous in his appreciation of things he approved of, but on the other hand he was as decisive in his denunciation of anything which appeared to him unworthy. The rapidity with which he came to a decision was very remarkable. Personally I never knew his judgment to be at fault. I felt then, as I do now, that he was not only a great musician, but a great teacher.

CHARLES WOOD.

The memory of my three years as a Student of Composition with Sir Charles Stanford is so fresh in my mind, that it is indeed hard for me to realise that he is no longer with us; and I shall always remember with gratitude and affection the lessons he gave me, feeling myself fortunate to have been his pupil. From the very beginning he was entirely charming to me. I remember so well how I waited outside the glass door of his room before my first lesson, too nervous to go in; and how an older

student, chancing to pass by, advised me to speak up for myself and not give him the impression of being frightened. Sir Charles's amused quizzical glance of course took in the situation in an instant, and we were friends from that moment. I can see now the hovering of his familiar gold pencil, and hear the picturesque exaggerations of his praise or blame. His good-natured sarcasm was often very amusing, as when he once remarked: "Well, I could write a better accompaniment than that myself!" Of the wisdom and justice of his teaching, and of his sympathetic understanding, I find it difficult to say enough; he was a great teacher, and a most lovable man, whose loss will be realised more and more as time goes on.

REBECCA CLARKE.

In certain quarters there has prevailed an impression that Sir Charles Stanford's teaching laid so much emphasis on the merely formal aspect of musical composition that more vital considerations were ignored or pushed into the background. I think the fact is rather that he had an intense realisation of the *emotional* value of design and of the way in which the effect of musical ideas is enhanced by their logical presentation; this (he would probably have said) *can* be communicated to a pupil, while no one can give him the musical ideas themselves. The quality that stamps the E major fugue from the second book of the "Forty-eight" as an enduring masterpiece in spite of the absence of original thematic invention, and the kind of accurate calculation that makes the last eight bars in the development of the first movement of Brahms's C minor Symphony so moving, appealed to Sir Charles very strongly. And he was prompt to recognise this virtue in the work of Richard Strauss, notwithstanding his unconcealed disapproval of that composer on other grounds. On the other hand, the renunciation of this particular means of emotional expression by some of his younger contemporaries, in consequence of their breaking loose from the restraints of tonality, would go far to account for his lack of sympathy with them.

JAMES FRISKIN.

I suppose that all of us were inclined to fight Stanford in our time, but like the argumentative Irish servant, "we knew the master was right all the time." It may have been galling at the moment to have one's pet new harmony called "damnable ugly," but it was just at that moment that we received the best of the many good lessons we had from him.

The intense hatred of anything unlovely, the duty of honest and complete workmanship, the sense of style and of a great tradition behind us—these were the lessons which we learnt from Stanford, lessons which no composer can afford to neglect.

R. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS.

It may be that the perspective of an early impression is altered by the march of time, or indeed by the present day enthusiasms which inevitably dominate one's point of view, but after a period of more than twenty years there remains the conviction that in Sir Charles Stanford we all had a master-mind at work. Whether during a composition lesson or at an orchestral rehearsal, one was conscious of the power and sincerity with which he exercised his art. His complete sympathy with the classics and their traditions was an outstanding quality which he happily imparted to all who came under his refining influence.

Who can forget his unfailing contempt for the meretricious and the vulgar, or, faced with a youthful harmonic indiscretion, the softened grin as he would say "It won't do, me bhoy"!

FRANK BRIDGE.

Stanford's loss is a great one, as great as his abilities. No one was less of an amateur. He knew what he wanted, and how to get it with certainty. These two facts (really one) almost detach him from the rest of English musical life, when viewed from a distance. I think I first found common ground with him in a mutual liking for clarity and humour, and a mutual dislike of "swimming in glue," whether literary or musical. This fellowship ripened on Sunday mornings when we were doing "Petrie" together. He continually accused me of misarranging the titles of "Petrie" "so as to make humorous reading"! And I remember once, when I had put some fearsome Erse words into a footnote, with what a merry twinkle of the eye he added a solemn reference to the chorus of devils in Berlioz's *Faust*. "'Tis a most unchristian language, me boy." Later on, when we were collaborating, with the Atlantic between us, I had unexpected glimpses of his forcible, even violent, opinions on his contemporaries and pupils. I could not budge him from a real admiration of my pet detestation, Meyerbeer, "The man who wrote the last Act of *The Huguenots* was a great man." May I add a little piece of news which, I believe, has not been known before? If Stanford's visit to America had taken place, he was to have had the almost unique honour of a Mus. Doc. from Yale. It was a dead secret between Hadley, the President of Yale, and Parker, then Professor of Music at the University, with me as a sort of accomplice, suggesting a programme of Stanford's own music. Alas! it was not to be. And now the man himself, with all his gifts, has gone on his last journey. His influence remains. And all of us, his pupils, unite in mourning his loss and in sympathising with Lady Stanford.

CECIL FORSYTH.

I remember well my first meeting with Stanford as a teacher. I had just left Cambridge for the Royal College of Music. "Show me your work, me bhoy!" he said. Amongst my manuscripts I had, unfortunately,

one or two songs already published. "In print already?" was the second remark: "You'll live to be sorry for that." My feelings were a bit hurt; but, of course, he was right. He did not always, however, realise that other people could be as sensitive as he was himself. In the late 'nineties Stanford was a great teacher, with wide and catholic tastes, but with a hatred for shoddy. His cynical and rather rough manner frequently masked a wish to be kindly, and even affectionate. Clarity of thought and expression were his ideals. He had also a cunning trick of altering or adding a phrase or a note here and there in a newly-written piece of work, which nearly always compelled one's admiration.

It used to be said that a thunderstorm or illness in his family circle were the only two events that would completely subdue him. One day it happened that I was able to test this theory. I arrived from Hampstead ten minutes late for my composition lesson at College. A thunderstorm, with terrific rain, had delayed me. The sky cleared, and I arrived on the entrance steps to find him coming away. "You're late, me bhoy," he said, with a grim smile. I explained, but he walked away, merely repeating "You're late, you're late." The elements, however, favoured my side. Ere he had got half way to the Royal Albert Hall, there came a tremendous thunder-clap, apparently out of a blue sky. In a moment Stanford turned, and in a few seconds was back in College. Grasping my arm with a nervous pressure, he asked me not to leave him. I had my composition lesson.

Stanford and Parry were both greatly moved at the first performance of "*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*," in the R.C.M. Hall. The latter could not speak after the performance. Stanford turned to me (I had been singing in the chorus), and said: "Sheer, beautiful poetry—that music." He was always referring to Verdi—"that great master of pure song," as he called him. He also continually quoted Wagner to me with approbation. "He knew his business," he would say.

Stanford has always seemed to me at his best when he was being Irish. Then he was most original. "*Shamus O'Brien*," the "*Irish*" Symphony, the "*Irish Idyll*," and some of his Irish folk-song settings, distinguish him from all other composers. As Conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society, he made Cambridge music famous throughout this country, and even on the Continent. His friendship with Brahms and Joachim bore fruit in the production of the former's First Symphony and the latter's Elegiac Overture (in MS.) in 1873. In 1893 Boïto, Max Bruch, Tchaikovsky, and Saint-Saëns were given honorary degrees at

Cambridge, and each conducted a work of his own. Stanford conducted a work of Grieg, who could not come till later.

Stanford's industry was amazing. As composer, teacher, conductor, and writer of books, he left his mark. One may differ now and then from his views or his methods; but he was a great figure in British music when this country needed such men.

CYRIL BRADLEY ROTHAM.

College Concerts.

Thursday, January 31 (Chamber Music).

QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings,
in F minor .. *César Franck*

CORNELIUS A. FISHER,
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Morley Scholar).
CYRIL DALMAINE (Exhibitioner).
MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
IDA F. M. STARRIE (Scholar).

SONGS .. *a. Orpheus with his lute—*
R. Vaughan-Williams
b. A Christmas Carol. Arnold Bax
MARJORY M. HARRISON.

PIANOFORTE SOLO .. *Tempest .. Liapounow*
FRANCIS H. CLARKE.

VIOLONCELLO SOLO—
Sonata in F major .. Porpora
HELEN B. JUST.

SONGS .. *a. Rest thee, my spirit—*
Richard Strauss
b. My resting place .. Schubert
LILIAN MANN (Scholar).

HARP SOLO .. *Norse Ballad .. Pœnita*
W. CARLOWITZ AMES (Exhibitioner).

ORGAN SOLO .. *Chorale, No. 3, in A minor—*
César Franck
CONRAD W. EDEN.

Accompanists—
HELEN YOUNG.
CONSTANCE M. SPENCER.
IRENE SWEETLAND.

Wednesday, February 13 (Chamber Music).

QUARTET for Strings, in E flat, Op. 12—
Mendelssohn

MADEL F. WELLER (Scholar).
BARBARA M. ENSOR.
JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M.
URSULA M. LUKER, A.R.C.M.
(Exhibitioner).

SONGS .. *a. Ah ! qui brûla d'amour. Tchaikovsky*
b. A Maiden's lament .. Schubert
MARJORIE LANGFORD.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—
Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 .. Schumann
S. E. DOREEN CLARK (Scholar).

SONGS .. *a. Take, Oh take those lips away—*
Roger Quilter
b. Oh that it were so .. Frank Bridge
PHILIP B. WARDE.

DUETS for Two Violoncellos, Op. 53,
Nos. 1, 6 and 8 .. *Glière*
ELKANOR B. K. GREGORSON (Exhibitioner).
DOROTHEA C. M. MARNO.

SONGS .. *a. Summer .. Chaminade*
b. Dawn .. F. Leoni
GWYNETH EDWARDS.

ORGAN SOLO—
Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor .. Bach
HAROLD H. SYKES (Exhibitioner).

Accompanists—
EVELYN TARRANT, A.R.C.M.
NORA B. TOWNEND, A.R.C.M.
IRENE SWEETLAND (Scholar).

Friday, February 15 (Orchestral).

SYMPHONIC POEM .. "Vltava" .. *Smetana*
(Born March 2nd, 1824)

SCENE .. *Ave Maria .. Max Bruch*
BERTHA STEVENTON (Exhibitioner).

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra,
in D major, Op. 77 .. *Brahms*
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Morley Scholar).

SYMPHONY No. 7, in A major, Op. 92—
Beethoven

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

Tuesday, February 26 (Orchestral).

OVERTURE .. The Magic Flute .. *Mozart*
Conductor—STANFORD ROBINSON.

On hearing the first cuckoo in spring .. *F. Delius*
Conductor—PATRICK HADLEY.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
No. 2, in G minor .. *Saint Saëns*
S. E. DORREN CLARK (Scholar).
Conductors—
GIDEON FAGAN.
GUY D. H. WARRACK.
MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

Thursday, February 28 (Chamber Music).

SEXTET for Strings, in B flat major, Op. 18--
Brahms
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
CYRIL DALMAINE (Exhibitioner).
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.
MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
IDA F. M. STARKIE (Scholar).
HELEN B. JUST (Exhibitioner).

PIANOFORTE SOLOS *Ravel*
a. Prelude from Le Tombeau de Couperin
b. Alborada del gracioso
BARBARA WYKEHAM-GEORGE (Exhibitioner).

SONGS with String Quartet Accompaniment—
Cyril Dalmaine
(Student)
a. To a lady
b. The cation crow (*Traditional*)
ODETTE DE FORAS
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
MARIE WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
MICHAEL H. WILSON.
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.
HELEN B. JUST (Exhibitioner).

VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—
a. Folk Tale *Arnold Bax*
b. Spanish dance—Bolero .. *Augustin Rubio*
GETHYVN WYKEHAM-GEORGE (Scholar).

SONGS .. *a.* L'Automne }
b. Les berceaux } *Fauré*
c. Le papillon et la fleur .. }
GAVIN GORDON BROWN.

Thursday, March 20 (Chamber Music).

SONATA (No. 1) for Violin and Pianoforte—
Arnold Bax
GWENDOLEN HIGHAM (Exhibitioner).
M. JEAN HAMILTON (Exhibitioner).

VIOLONCELLO SOLO.. Suite in G major.. *Bach*
THELMA KRISS-SMITH (Scholar).

SONGS .. *a.* The soldier's wife .. *Rachmaninov*
b. My heart is like a singing bird .. *Parry*
ANNIE BRADLEY (Scholar).

PIANOFORTE SOLO—
Valse nobles et sentimentales .. *M. Ravel*
JOAN BLACK (Associated Board Exhibitioner).

SYMPHONY No. 6 (Pathétique),
in B minor, Op. 74 .. *Tchaikovsky*
(Two movements)

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

PETITE SUITE *Debussy*

Conductor—CLAUDE SMITH-DODSWORTH.

OVERTURE .. The Mastersingers .. *Wagner*

Conductor—G. RONALD BIGGS.

PIANOFORTE SOLO—
Concert Study in F minor .. *Liszt*
RUBY WHITE.

VOCAL QUARTETS with Pianoforte and
String Quartet Accompaniment—
H. Walford Davies
Five Pastorals—
a. Morning song with hymn to Pan
b. Shepherd's wife's song
c. Sweet content
d. Dialogue of Dorinda and Thyrsis
e. Evening song

BERTHA STEVENTON (Exhibitioner).
DOROTHY M. KITCHEN, A.R.C.M.
TREFON JONES (Scholar).
D. K. FALKNER, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).
EDWARD N. GREENWOOD (Scholar).
LENA MASON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
CYRIL DALMAINE (Exhibitioner).
MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
CONSTANCE MARCHANT, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
Accompanist—RICHARD D. AUSTIN.

PHANTASY for Flute, Viola, Horn and Harp—
Robert T. Featherstone
(Ex-Student).

BRUCE McLAY (Scholar).
JOYCE COOK, A.R.C.M.
EMIL H. BORSDOFF (Scholar).
MARJORIE M. BUCKLE.

QUARTET for Strings in C minor,
Op. 51, No. 1 .. *Brahms*

LEILA D. HERMITAGE.
MABEL F. WELLER (Scholar).
JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M.
HELEN B. JUST (Exhibitioner).

Accompanist—
IRENE SWEETLAND (Scholar).

Tuesday, March 25 (Chamber Music).

QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings,
in C minor, Op. 15 .. *Fauré*

HELENE GERMAIN, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
THOMAS J. JONES (Scholar).
ANNE WOLFE, A.R.C.M.
IDA F. M. STARKIE (Scholar).

HARP SOLO .. *Le jardin mouillé* .. *J. de la Presle*

MARJORIE M. BUCKLE.

SONATA for Violin and Pianoforte—
Percy W. Whitlock (Scholar).

CYRIL C. DALMAINÉ (Exhibitioner).
PERCY W. WHITLOCK, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

Friday, March 28 (Orchestra).

In memory of Sir Frederick Bridge and Sir Walter Parratt, original Members of the Board of Professors, Dr. Harold Darke will play Sir Hubert Parry's "Elegy for the Organ."

OVERTURE .. *Le Carnaval Romain* .. *Berlioz*

SONG *Die Loreley* *Liszt*
MURIEL SWINSTEAD.

Tuesday, April 1 (Second Orchestra).

In Memory of Sir Charles Stanford, the Orchestra will play the Funeral March from the Composer's Incidental Music to "Becket."

OVERTURE .. *Oberon* *Weber*
Conductor—DORIS M. ALLEN.

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
in A major (K. 488) .. *Mozart*
ISADORE GOODMAN,

Conductors—PATRICK HADLEY.
MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

DANSE DE SALOME *Glazounow*
Conductor—HAROLD DAVIDSON.

Wednesday, April 2 (Chamber Music).

QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings,
in C minor .. *Dohnanyi*

EVERAL DE JERSEY, A.R.C.M.
JOAN H. CARLILL, A.R.C.M.
SHEILA M. STEWART, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
MURIEL M. HART, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Exhibitioner).
ELEANOR B. K. GREGORSON (Exhibitioner).

PIANOFORTE SOLOS—
a. *Plaintes, ou la Maja et le Rossignol*—
(from *Goyescas*) .. *Granados*
b. *Triana (Iberia)* *Albeniz*
JOYCE MCG. CLARK (Exhibitioner).

SONGS for Soprano, Flute and Harp—
Constant Lambert
a. *The White Nightingale* (Student)
b. *Serenade*.
(Words by Sacheverell Sitwell).
EDNA M. KINGDON (Exhibitioner).
BRUCE McLAY (Scholar).
MARJORIE M. BUCKLE.

SONGS—

a. *Secrecy* *Hugo Wolf*
b. *Under the greenwood tree* .. *Roger Quilter*

MARY HAWORTH.

QUARTET for Strings, in E flat, Op. 51 .. *Dvorák*

L. DESIRÉE AMES.
LENA MASON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).
JOYCE H. COOK, A.R.C.M.
BETTY M. MOIR.

Accompanist—

IRENE SWEETLAND (Scholar).

CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra,
in B flat minor, Op. 23 .. *Tchaikovsky*

CHARLES F. BENBOW (Scholar).

A LONDON SYMPHONY .. *R. Vaughan Williams*

Conductor—MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

NUAGES (Nocturnes, No. 1) *Debussy*

Conductor—GIDEON FAGAN.

SYMPHONY No. 2, in B minor .. *Borodine*
(last movement)

Conductor—LEONARD C. LAMBERT.

SYMPHONY in D minor .. *César Franck*

Conductors—1. IVY M. PUGSLIV.
2. MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.
3. GUY D. H. WARRACK.

ORGAN SOLO .. *Vêpres du Commun* .. *Dupré*

ANDREW V. C. FENNER (Exhibitioner).

VOCAL QUARTET .. *Part Songs* .. *Parry*

a. *Sweet day so cool*
b. *Come, pretty wag*
c. *There rolls the deep*
d. *In a harbour grene*

BERTHA C. A. STEVENSON (Exhibitioner).
MARY HAWORTH.
TREVOR JONES (Scholar).
STANLEY RILEY.

INFORMAL CONCERTS.

At the Term's Informal Concerts (there were four of these), the following were among the works performed; three Songs by ENA BRUNET; two Songs for Soprano, Flute and Harp, by C. LAMBERT; two Songs ELSIE PRIDDEN, and two by PHILIP TOMBLINGS; and a Vocal Quartet by BARBARA PULVERMACHER.

IN THE OPERA THEATRE.

Monday, February 4th.

"THE FAMILY PARTY"

(CHARLES WOOD)

Mr. Pecksniff	DUNSTAN HART.
Mr. Spottletoe	PHILIP WARDE.
George Chuzzlewit	TREFOR JONES.
Anthony Chuzzlewit	RALPH WILKINSON.
Miss Cherry Pecksniff	WINIFRED BURTON.
Miss Merry Pecksniff	DOROTHY SAUNDERS.
Mrs. Ned Chuzzlewit	WINIFRED BURGESS.
Mrs. Ned's 1st Daughter	LILY CLIFFORD.
" 2nd "	SYBIL EVERS.
" 3rd "	JANET POWELL.
Montague Tigg	RICHARD KYLE.
Chevy SLYME	WILLIAM WAIT.
Mrs. Spottletoe	ELIZABETH JOHNSON.
"The Lady with Toothache"	OLIVE M. HIND.
A Nephew	GAVIN GORDON BROWN.

Conductor—Mr. HAROLD DAVIDSON.

"THE BLUE PETER"

Simon (A market-gardener)	EDWARD WARD.
Joan (His wife)	DOROTHY ELLIS BROWN.
Susan (Her maid)	MARGARET LEDLIE.
Robin (A sailor)	TREFOR JONES.

Conductor—Mr. STANFORD ROBINSON.

Monday, February 11th.

"THE BLUE PETER"

(C. ARMSTRONG GIBBS)

Simon (A market-gardener)	GAVIN GORDON BROWN.
Joan (His wife)	DOROTHY ELLIS BROWN.
Susan (Her maid)	MONA BENSON.
Robin (A sailor)	TREFOR JONES.

Conductor—Mr. STANFORD ROBINSON.

"THE FAMILY PARTY"

Mr. Pecksniff	DUNSTAN HART.
Mr. Spottletoe	GAVIN GORDON BROWN.
George Chuzzlewit	TREFOR JONES.
Anthony Chuzzlewit	PHILIP WARDE.
Jonas Chuzzlewit	RALPH WILKINSON.
Miss Cherry Pecksniff	WINIFRED BURTON.
Miss Merry Pecksniff	DOROTHY HARGREAVES.
Mrs. Ned Chuzzlewit	MONA BENSON.
Mrs. Ned's 1st Daughter	BERTHA STEVENTON.
" 2nd "	SYBIL EVERS.
" 3rd "	JANET POWELL.
Montague TIGG	RICHARD KYLE.
Chevy Slyme	WILLIAM WAIT.

Mrs. Spottletoe	MURIEL NIXON.
"The Lady with Toothache"	MARY G. SHAW.
The Parlour Maid	FRANCES E. GALE.

Conductor—Mr. HAROLD DAVIDSON.

Tuesday, February 12th.

"THE FAMILY PARTY."

Mr. Pecksniff	DUNSTAN HART.
Mr. Spottletoe	GAVIN GORDON BROWN.
George Chuzzlewit	TREFOR JONES.
Anthony Chuzzlewit	PHILIP WARDE.
Jonas Chuzzlewit	RALPH WILKINSON.
Miss Cherry Pecksniff	MARY G. SHAW.
Miss Mary Pecksniff	FRANCES E. GALE.
Mrs. Ned Chuzzlewit	MONA BENSON.
Mrs. Ned's 1st Daughter	BERTHA STEVENTON.
" 2nd "	SYBIL EVERS.
" 3rd "	JANET POWELL.
Montague Tigg	RICHARD KYLE.
Chevy Slyme	WILLIAM WAIT.
Mrs. Spottletoe	MURIEL NIXON.
"The Lady with Toothache"	DOROTHY HARGREAVES.
The Parlour Maid	BLODWEN EVELEIGH.

Conductor—Mr. HAROLD DAVIDSON.

"THE BLUE PETER."

Simon (A market-gardener)	...	GAVIN GORDON BROWN.
Joan (His wife)	...	DOROTHY ELLIS BROWN.
Susan (Her maid)	...	MURIEL NIXON.
Robin (A sailor)	...	TREFOR JONES.

Conductor—Mr. STANFORD ROBINSON.

The whole of the above were produced by Mr. CAIRNS JAMES.

Recital (No. 14), Tuesday, February 5th, by W. CARLOWITZ AMES (Harp), and MURIEL NIXON, A.R.C.M. (Soprano). The programme contained Harp works by Galleotti, Saint-Saëns, Poenitz, Hasselman, and Tournier; and Songs by Blow, Purcell, Haydn, Duparc, Fauré, Delius, Howells, Warlock, etc. Accompanist, STANFORD ROBINSON.

Recital (No. 15), Friday, February 22nd, by MARJORIE T. RENTON, A.R.C.M. (Organ) and DOROTHY ELLIS-BROWNE (Soprano). The programme contains Organ works by Bach, Bairstow, Howells and Stanford; Songs by Handel, Caldera, Parry, Delius, Rossiter, Arnold Bax, Hughes, etc. Accompanist, ROSALIND M. ROWSELL.

Recital (No. 16), Tuesday, March 4th, by CONSTANCE MARCHANT, A.R.C.M. (Violoncello) and KEITH FALKNER, A.R.C.M. (Bass). The programme included 'Cello works Porpora, Bach, Purcell, Warren, Fauré and Fischer; and Songs by Bach, Purcell, and modern British Composers, and some Folk Songs. Accompanists, STANFORD ROBINSON and JAMES N. BELL.

Recital (No. 17), Wednesday, March 12th, by ANNETTE BLACKWELL, A.R.C.M. (Soprano) and EVERAL DE JERSEY, A.R.C.M. (Piano). The programme contained Songs by Mozart, E. Wolf-Ferrari, Holst, Parry, Brahms, Schubert, Duparc, C. Armstrong Gibbs and Roger Quilter; and Piano works by Medtner, Schumann, Dohnányi and César Franck. Accompanist, IRENE SWEETLAND.

The R.C.M. Union.

By the passing on of Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt, and Sir Charles Stanford the Union has lost three of its oldest and most distinguished members, and the letters of condolence sent by the Committee to Lady Bridge, Lady Parratt, and Lady Stanford were no mere formal expressions of regret, but represented the sincere feeling of the whole Society, which in these eminent men has been robbed of three kind, valued friends.

That this number of the MAGAZINE may be devoted as fully as possible to them and their work, the Union column is condensed to the shortest space.

Past Events.

Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland very kindly gave a short Lecture on "Bach's Goldberg Variations" in the Parry Room, on February 28th, at 5.45, and played the Variations on a Harpsichord.

The Annual "At Home" took place at the College on *Thursday Evening, June 26th, at 7.30.*

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

The Royal Collegian Abroad.

LONDON.

Mr. ANGUS MORRISON gave a Piano Recital at Wigmore Hall on March 31st, at which he played a group of Preludes and Fugues by Bach, a Beethoven Sonata (Op. 111), Schumann's "Kreisleriana" and Ravel's "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales."

Mr. LEON GOOSSENS and Mr. ALBERT FRANSELLA gave an Oboe and Flute Recital at Wigmore Hall, on March 24th, and were assisted by Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS, who composed a new work for the occasion.

Mr. ARCHIBALD WINTER took the Tenor Solo part in the performance of Dr. Ethel Smyth's "Mass in D" at the Queen's Hall recently. Mr. ADRIAN BOULT directed the performance. Mr. WINTER also sang, as Soloist, in the performance of Dr. Vaughan-Williams' "Mass in G minor," which was given at Westminster Cathedral in March.

Mr. GEOFFREY TOYE has again been Conductor-in-chief of the presentations of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas in the recent season.

In March, Mr. GEORGE DYSON lectured before the Musical Association upon "Criticism of the Living."

Miss DOROTHEA WEBB sang an extraordinarily diverse set of Songs at the Goossens Chamber Concert, at Æolian Hall, on March 12th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. ARTHUR BENJAMIN's "Pastoral" String Quartet appeared in the recent list of works to be published by the Carnegie Trust. In the same list was Mr. IVOR GURNEY'S Song-Cycle from "A Shropshire Lad."

Dr. GEORGE DYSON has been offered, and has accepted, the post of Director of Music at Winchester, and will take up the duties there in October next. Mr. A. W. STANTON succeeds him at Wellington.

At the recent Bournemouth Festival Mr HAROLD SAMUEL gave a Recital of works by Bach; Dr. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "London Symphony" was performed, and among the conductors who appeared were Mr. GOOSSENS, Mr. HERBERT HOWELLS, Mr. E. J. MOERAN, Mr. JOHN IRELAND and Mr. T. F. DUNHILL.

Mr. ARTHUR BLISS's "Mélée fantasque" was performed by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra on February 28th. The Conductor (Mr. Ganz) addressed the audience before the piece was given—presumably to secure the goodwill of the listeners!

Mr. SYDNEY SHIMMIN conducted the Malvern Orchestral Society's Concert on April 2nd, and performed works by Handel, Haydn, and Holst.

At the Dorking Musical Festival Mr. THOMAS FIELDEN played the solo part in Greig's Piano Concerto on March 31st.

The Rev. A. AIKEN CRAWSHAW, Vicar of Oughtibridge, Sheffield, has been presented to the Rectory of Bletchingley, Surrey, by the Masters, Fellows and Scholars of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. It will be recalled that Mr. Crawshaw was the founder and first Editor of the *R.C.M. Magazine*.

Miss BELINDA HEATHER has given recitals recently at Reading, Basingstoke, Bath, Chislehurst, Hampstead and Bradford. Her Brussels recital was unavoidably postponed.

Mrs. ETHEL PURCELL WILSON is now Hon. Secretary to the Dulwich Music Club, for which, in recent weeks, Miss OLGA HALEY and Mr. HAROLD SAMUEL have given recitals.

It will interest the many pupils of Mr. W. E. WHITEHOUSE to know that he is contributing to "The Strad" a series of articles upon the subject of the musicians he has met and performed with. The articles began with the May number.

MR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.

We very heartily congratulate Mr. Boulton upon his recent appointment as Musical Director and Conductor of the Birmingham City Orchestra. In the course of a six months' season, Mr. Boulton will direct 26 Sunday Concerts, 8 Symphony Concerts, 6 Children's Concerts (these last, presumably, of the type he has helped to make famous in London), and 6 Popular Concerts. In addition, there will be Concerts outside Birmingham. Rehearsals will be daily.

It is worth while, even at this date, to reassure those who feared all these activities would rob the College of Mr. Boulton's services. The Friday Orchestra will remain under Mr. Boulton's direction.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, President of the Royal College of Music, has approved the unanimous Resolution of the Council, that the following be elected Fellows of the Royal College of Music (F.R.C.M.):—

Sir WOLFORD DAVIES, Sir EDWARD ELGAR, Sir DAN GODFREY, Sir LANDON RONALD, Sir HENRY WOOD, Professor W. H. BELL (Principal of South African College of Music), Mr. FRANK BRIDGE, Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS, Mr. FRITZ HART (Principal of Melbourne Conservatoire of Music), Mr. HAMILTON HARTY, Professor PERCEVAL KIRBY (Professor of Music, University of Johannesburg), Mr. GUSTAV HOLST, Mr. JOHN IRELAND, Mr. WILLIAM H. LESLIE (Master of Worshipful Company of Musicians), Mr. W. BARCLAY SQUIRE, Mr. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI (Conductor of Philadelphia Orchestra, U.S.A.), Professor DONALD TOVEY.

Mr. E. J. N. POLKINHORNE (Bursar of the R.C.M.) has been elected an Honorary R.C.M.

MARRIAGE OF MR. POLKINHORNE.

The heartiest good wishes will go both to Mr. Polkinhorne (Bursar of the R.C.M.) and to his bride, Mrs. Watling, upon their marriage, which took place in the presence of a large gathering of Collegians on April 22nd, at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road. The happy ceremony seemed very much a College "affair," for apart from the association of both Mr. and Mrs. Polkinhorne with the R.C.M., it is further noteworthy, that Sir Hugh Allen himself gave away the bride, Mr. Archibald Winter was "best man," and no less than three members of the Professorial Staff were there to play appropriate music upon the organ—Mr. Stanley Stubbs, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Thalben Ball.

BIRTHS.

HUBBARD. On April 27th, at Whalley Range, Manchester, to Muriel (née Marshall), the wife of E. J. E. Hubbard, a daughter.

HILPERN. On January 8th, at Otham Rectory, Maidstone, to Melesina (née Barrett), wife of W. T. H. Hilpern, a son.

RICHARDSON. On April 3rd, at Richmond, to Doris (née Tomkins), wife of Stanley Richardson, a daughter (Joyce).

MARRIAGES.

BENNETT—SPINK. Miss Joan Spink to Mr. Rodney Bennett, at Bedford Park, 16th April, 1924.

ELLIOT—HUNTER. At the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square, 30th April, 1924, Miss Evelyn Hunter to Mr. John Edward Elliot.

GABRIEL—TYSON. At St. Margaret's, Lowestoft, 14th February, 1924, Miss Evelyn Tyson to Mr. William Bashall Gabriel, M.S., F.R.C.S.

SCOTT—GRAVES. At Kinnoull Parish Church, Perth, on March 18th, the Rev. R. F. V. Scott to Phyllis Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Graves, Scone, Perth.

Obituary.

FREDERICK MOSS.

By present day Students Mr. Frederick Moss was not always remembered as a Royal Collegian, for it is about twenty-five years since he left the College. But to all who knew him—as most Collegians did—as a very gifted Clarinetist, the news of his sudden death, on the last Friday in March, was most disturbing, and caused very sincere regret. Mr. Moss entered College in 1895, with an Open Scholarship in Clarinet playing, and remained until 1898, studying first under Mr. Lazarus, and then under Mr. Charles Draper. To all who were in and about the R. C.M. in those years he was a familiar figure. His generation, in particular, will miss him; and all who can admire a really first-class Clarinet playing will regret the loss of him.

The Term's Awards

During the Easter Term (1924) the following awards were made:—

Council Exhibitions—

Singing—

Dean, John	£7
Powell, Janet I.	£7
Wait, William E.	£6
Marsden, Gwennyth M.	£6

Strings—

Meads, Lois	£6
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Organ—

Belcher, Cecil J.	£5
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Pianoforte—

Longmire, John B. H.	£7
Colsa-Dent, Frankland	£5
Pask, Roland T.	£5
Clarke, Francis H.	£5

Charlotte Holmes Exhibition (£15)—

Robertson, Stuart (resigns the emoluments)	
Wills, Lindsay J.	... £10
Buckle, Marjorie M.	... £5

Special Grants of £3 3s. od. each have been awarded to the following:—

Amery, Mrs. Adelaide S.	Haworth Mary
Binns, Mary F.	McEldowney, Mary G.
Cruwys, Mabel A.	Marno, Dorothea
Edwards, Gwyneth M.	Ross, Mary
Griffin, Douglas E.	Sinnott-Jones, J. M.

List of Dates, 1924—1925.

A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION (1924).

Last day for receiving application forms	... Sat., 30th June
Examination begins	... Monday, 10th Sept.

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1924.

Entrance Examination	Wednesday	... 17th Sept.
Term begins	Monday	... 22nd Sept.
Half Term begins	Monday	... 3rd Nov.
Term ends	Saturday	... 13th Dec.

EASTER TERM, 1925.

Entrance Examination	Wednesday	... 7th Jan.
Term begins	Monday	... 12th Jan.
Half Term begins	Monday	... 23rd Feb.
Term ends	Saturday	... 4th April

MIDSUMMER TERM, 1925.

Entrance Examination	Wednesday	... 29th April
Term begins	Monday	... 4th May
Half Term begins	Monday	... 15th June
Term ends	Saturday	... 25th July

